

and you mustn't lay it out for the best of it."

"But we must talk of it, we must," exclaimed the old man. "In spite of all that I felt, it's what I came for. If I would die easy, I must know the truth; and I have come here, Harry, to beg, to conjure you to tell me."

"You have heard it already," said Harry, sadly.

"No, no, Harry, I have not, I know I have not," said he, "but you will tell it to me now."

Harry Blake turned his head away, and was silent.

"Harry, my dear boy," said the old man, crouching at his feet, and pressing his forehead against his knees, "my own dear boy, do confess to me. It will render more happy a life that is nearly spent to have my statement confirmed from your lips. Don't be afraid of me, Harry; for here I swear, in the presence of God who made us both, that I will not reveal what you tell me. Indeed I will not. Come, Harry, come."

"Caleb," said Blake, passing his hand kindly over the old man's head, "from my soul I pity you; but I cannot lie."

"You pity me?" said the old man, rising. "Am I the one to be pitied? No, no, not quite so bad as that; not quite so bad as that. I'll not believe it, say what you will. With my own eyes, Harry, I saw you commit that murder. Indeed I did—indeed I did!"

Blake shook his head; "You think so, I know you think so; I'll do you that justice. But your eyes deceived you. It's useless to dwell on this now. You have done what the law made your duty, in telling what you believed to be the truth. I should have had to do the same myself; and I freely forgive you."

"No, no, Harry," said Grayson, with childish querulousness, "this will not do. Why will you not tell the truth? You cannot not be saved now. All hope is past. Come, there's a good fellow. You met—your quarrel—words grew high—he attacked you, and finally you—you—stabbed him. Ha! ha! that was the way of it, wasn't it? A man will do many things when his blood's up, which he wouldn't at another time. You hot blood couldn't bear all that he said. It was natural, and I think pardonable; indeed I do." He placed his hands on Blake's shoulders, and looking imploringly in his face, whilst his voice changed from its assumed tone of vivacity to one of the deepest sadness. "Harry, wasn't it so? Tell me, my own dear boy, wasn't it so? You know you quarrelled with him at the tavern."

"I did, indeed," said Harry, gloomily, "God forgive me for it."

"And you swore that you would have revenge if it cost you your life."

"It was an impious speech!" replied Blake in a grave tone, "and fearfully has it been visited upon me."

"You left the tavern," continued Grayson eagerly, "took the same road which he had taken; came up with him—"

"And found him dead!" said Blake.

"I'll not believe it! It's not true," exclaimed the old man, striding up and down the room with his hands clasped together. "It's not true. Oh! Harry, it's horrible to go to the grave persisting in a lie."

"Hark!" said Blake, as the voices of persons approaching the were heard. "It's the hour, and they are coming for me!—Good bye!"

"One word, Harry!" exclaimed the old man, "are you guilty?"

"No!" replied Blake, with an earnest emphasis.

The next moment the door was opened, and Blake was summoned to go forth.

#### CHAPTER VI.

By day-break the country around was astir; men singly, and squads of three or four—women and children, old and young, the hale, the sick, the decrepit, were all in motion, and drifting, like a sluggish current, towards the scene of execution.

It was a large field, in a retired, out-of-the-way spot, hemmed in by trees; a place whose silence and solitude were rarely disturbed; yet now it hummed with life. Fences, rocks, and every little eminence of ground, were packed with people. The trees were crowded with masses of human beings, who hung like bees from their branches, and near the foot of the gallows, the earth was black with them, crammed and wedged together, not a foot—not an inch to spare. There was a great sea of faces, turned up at one time to the tall frame-work above them; at another, towards where the far distant road wound among the hills. Occasionally there was a scuffle, and the mass rocked to and fro, like a forest waving before the wind; and then came curses and execrations from the writhing multitude; but by degrees, the tumult subsided, and they were quiet again. Then they looked at the sun, and wondered how soon Harry would come—they were weary with waiting. Some spoke of him as an old friend. He was a fine fellow—they had known him from childhood. "Has he confessed yet?" inquired one.

"No, no, not he," was the reply, "He'll not give up till the last; it's thought he'll do it then. I heard some one say, that old Caleb Grayson was all last night in his cell, trying to pump it out of him; but he was game. Caleb could get nothing from him." "Come, I like that," said the other, rubbing his hands together. "That's so like Harry; I'd betten to one, he'll not shew the white feather at the last. Ha! who's that?"

As he spoke, he pointed to a tall, swarthy man, who came forcing his way through the crowd, jostling his way through and thrusting his head into the grumblings and cursings which followed him, as he dragged himself on; once or twice, as some fellow more sturdy than the rest withstood him, he turned and glanced at him, with a look of such savage and bitter anger, that the man was glad to let him pass. Thus on he went, until he reached the very foot of the gallows; and there he himself, taking notice of no one, and regardless that even in that dense crowd a small circle was formed around him, as if there were contamination in his touch. Above him, from the cross-piece of the gallows, the cord swung to and fro in the wind; and at times, as he raised his eye to it, a smile crossed his face, giving it a strangely wild expression, that was long remembered by those who saw him there.

"There'll soon be something to tighten that string," said he, to a tall, burly man who stood nearest him, with his good-natured eye running from the speaker to the cord, as if it struck him, that the weight most fitting that purpose were rather than he imagined.

"Yes, there will, more's the pity," said the man, in reply to the remark, after pausing for some time, as if in doubt whether it merited one, "I for one am sorry for it."

"Would you have the murderer escape?" demanded the stranger.

"Let him hang when he's found, say I," replied the man, "but Harry Blake denies that he did it, and I believe him."

Again that strange smile passed across the stranger's face, as he said, "Twelve sworn men, all of whom knew and liked Blake, heard the testimony, and said he did it. What more would you want?"

"I want Harry Blake's own confession, and we would have it, if he was guilty. That's what I want. I wish to Heaven, I had found him with the murdered man. I would have soon known the truth. I went to the spot the next day, but it was too late."

"What do you mean?" inquired the stranger with some interest.

The man moved a little aside, and showed the head of a large dog, who was seated near him, with his nose thrust forward, almost touching the stranger. "I went with that dog to the spot, and put his nose to the track. He went round and round, and over the ground for more than a quarter of a mile. In the woods he found an old hat, which he tore to rags. I believe it belonged to the true murderer,—(he was smiling that hat this very morning, for I took it with me,) but he lost the scent. Then I carried him to Harry Blake; but he would not touch him."

"A strange dog,"

"Dumme, sir!" said the man earnestly. "Do you know that he's been snuffing about you for the last ten minutes. Curse me if I haven't my suspicions of you:—d-d if I haven't!"

The stranger's eye fairly glowed as he returned his look, and then he burst into a loud laugh, and turned to those around:

"Hear him! He says I murdered Wickliffe, because his dog smells at my knee. Ha! ha! ha! Why don't you arrest me?" demanded he, turning to the man.

The man, evidently alarmed at this abrupt question, shook his head, muttered something between his teeth, and remained silent; and the stranger, after eyeing him for several moments, seeing that he was not disposed for further conversation, and apparently not caring to be the object of attention to all eyes, as he evidently then was, moved off among the crowd, and stationed himself on the opposite side of the gallows.

The time lagged heavily. The crowd grew restless and uneasy; and here and there, one or two, irritated beyond their patience, commenced a quarrel, which came to blows. This created a temporary excitement, but it was soon over, and the degrees they grew weary again. They stamped their feet on the ground, to keep them warm. The farmers talked of their harvest and of their stock. Some of them gaped and yawned, and fell sound asleep as they stood there. Young girls flirted with and ogled their sweethearts, and there was many a pretty face in that crowd, whose owner had been induced to come only for the sake of him who was to escort her, and who was thinking more of the young fellow who stood at her side, in his best apparel, than of poor Harry Blake. Those and the troops of liberated schoolboys, to whom a holiday was a great thing, even though bought by the life of a fellow-being, were the only persons unwearied.

But the time came at last, and a loud cry arose in the distance, and swept along through that multitude, becoming louder and louder, until it reached the foot of the gallows; and the whole mass swayed backward and forward, and rushed forward together, as in the distance the prisoner was seen approaching. With a slow, steady pace the soldiers which escorted him came, forcing open the throng, and keeping an open space around the cart which conveyed him. Harry Blake was exceedingly pale, but his manner was composed, his eye calm and bright as in his best days; and many a lip as he passed, muttered a God bless him.

He spoke to no one; although his face once or twice faintly lighted with a look of recognition as he saw a familiar face. When he reached the foot of the scaffold his eye for a moment rested on Caleb Grayson, looking imploringly toward him. The old man caught his glance, and exclaimed, as he ascended the steps:

"Now, Harry, now confess: do, Harry—for God's sake!"

Blake shook his head. "No, Caleb, I cannot, for I am innocent."

Grayson recognized as the person that he had met at the inn the night previous. "That business is over. That's law!" And, without noticing the startled looks of those about him, with the same recklessness which he had displayed in coming, he forced his way through the crowd, and disappeared.

#### CHAPTER VII.

About three months after the execution of Blake, the judge who presided at the trial received a note from a prisoner under sentence of death, requesting to see him without delay, as his sentence was to be carried into effect on the day following. On his way thither, he overtook an old man, walking slowly along the road, on accosting whom he recognized him to be Caleb Grayson, who had been a witness at Blake's trial. The old man had received a note similar to his own; and was going to the same place, though he was equally at a loss to know the meaning of the summons. They both entered the cell together.

The prisoner was seated at a wooden table, with a small lamp in front of him, his forehead leaning on his hand, which shaded his eyes from the light. He was a tall, gaunt man, with dark sunken eyes, and unshorn beard, and hollow cheeks. He looked like one worn down by suffering and disease; yet one whom neither disease nor suffering could conquer, and to whom remorse was unknown. He did not move when his visitors entered, otherwise than to raise his head. As he did so Grayson recognized at a glance the stranger whom he had seen at the tavern the night before Blake's execution, and at the gallows.

"Well, judge," said he, as soon as he saw who they were, "I sent for you, to see if you can't get me out of this scrape. Must I hang to-morrow?"

The judge shook his head. "It's idle to hope," said he, "nothing can prevent your execution."

"An application might be made to the higher authorities," said the prisoner. "Pardons have come, you know, even on the scaffold."

"None will come in your case," replied the magistrate. "It is needless for me to dwell on your offence now; but it was one that had no palliation, and you may rest assured that whatever may have occurred in other cases, no pardon will come in yours. In fact, I understand that an application has been made for one, by your counsel and has been refused."

The features of the prisoner underwent no change; nor did the expression of his face alter in the least. But after a moment's pause, he said: "Is this true, judge—upon your honor?"

"It is," replied the judge. "Then I know the worst," replied the criminal coldly, "and will now tell, what I have to communicate, which I would not have done, while there was a hope of escape. You," said he, turning to the judge, "presided at the trial of young Henry Blake, who was accused of murder, and sentenced him to death."

"I did."

"And you," said he, turning to Grayson, "were one of the witnesses against him. You swore that you saw him stab Wickliffe. On your testimony, principally, he was hung."

"I was," replied the old man; "I saw him with my own eyes."

The prisoner uttered a low sneering laugh, as he said, turning to the judge: "You, sir, sentenced an innocent man."

"And you," said he, turning to the other, "swore to a falsehood. Harry Blake did not kill Wickliffe. He was innocent of the sin of murder as you were—more innocent than you are now."

The old man staggered as if he had been struck, and leaned against the table to support himself, whilst the condemned felon stood opposite him, looking at him with a cold, indifferent air.

"Yes, old man," said he sternly, "you have blood and perjury on your soul, for I," said he, stepping forward, so that the light of the lamp fell strongly upon his savage features, "I murdered William Wickliffe! I did it! Thank God, I did it; for I had a long score to settle with him. But Blake had no hand in it. I met Wickliffe on that afternoon, alone—with none to interfere between us. I told him that the injuries he had done me, and I told him that the time was come for redress. He endeavored to escape; but I followed him. As I did so, I heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs, and I leaped into a clump of bushes which grew at the road-side. At that moment Blake came up, and found Wickliffe lying dead in the road. You know the rest. The tale he told was true as the Gospel. He was only attempting to draw the knife from the man's breast when you came up and charged him with the murder!"

"Good God! Can this be possible?" ejaculated the old man. "It cannot! Villain, you are a liar!"

"Pshaw!" muttered the man. "What could I gain by a lie? To-morrow I die. I don't believe it! I don't believe it!" exclaimed Grayson, pacing the cell, and wringing his hands. "God in mercy grant it may be false—that this dreadful sin may not be upon me!"

The prisoner sat down, and looked at the judge and the witness with a calmness which had something almost fiendish in it, when contrasted with the extreme agitation of the one, and the mental agony of the other.

At last the old man stopped in front of him; and with a calmness so suddenly assumed in the midst of his paroxysm of remorse, that it even overawed the criminal, said: "You are one whose life has been a tissue of falsehood and crime. You must prove what you have said, or I'll not believe it."

"Be it so," replied the prisoner. "I saw the whole transaction, and heard all your testimony at the trial; for I was there too. I'll now tell you what occurred at the spot of the murder, which you did not mention, but which I saw. When you rode up, the man with you jumped off his horse and seized Blake by the collar; your hat fell off on the pommel of your saddle, but you caught it before it reached the ground. You then sprang off your horse, and whilst Walton held Blake, you examined the body. You attempted to pull the knife from his breast, but it was covered with blood, and slipped from your fingers. You rubbed your hand on the ground, and going to a bush on the road side, broke off some leaves and wiped your hands upon them, and afterwards the handle of the knife. You then drew it out, and washed it in a small puddle of water at the foot of a sumach bush. As you did so, you looked round at Blake, who was standing with his arms folded, and who said, 'Don't be uneasy about me, Caleb; I did not kill Wickliffe and don't intend to escape.' At one time you were within six feet of where I was. It's lucky you did not find me, for I was ready at that moment to send you to keep company with Wickliffe; but I saw all, even when you stumbled and dropped your gloves as you mounted your horse."

"God have mercy on me!" ejaculated Grayson. "This is all true! But one word more. I heard Wickliffe, as we rode up, shriek out—'Mercy, mercy, Harry!'"

"I was begging for my life—my first name is Harry!"

The old man clasped his hands across his face, and fell senseless on the floor.

It is needless to go into the details of the prisoner's confession, which was so full and clear, that it left no doubt on the mind of the judge that he was guilty of Wickliffe's murder, and that Harry Blake was another of those who had gone to swell the list of victims to Circumstantial Evidence.

#### Tax Collector's Sale.

BY virtue of the revenue laws of the State of Mississippi, I will expose to public sale, before the Court House door, in the town of Canton, on

Monday, the 33rd day January next, the following described lands, viz: The south-east fourth of section thirty-six, in township eleven, north of range five east, the east half of section one, and the north-east fourth of section twelve in township ten north of range five east, containing in all 640 acres. Said land was entered by John Erwin of Hinds county, Mississippi, and by him mortgaged to the Real Estate Banking Company of Hinds county, Mississippi. Said land was assessed as the property of John Erwin, and will be sold to satisfy the taxes due thereon, for the year 1842, there being no personal property of said John Erwin in Madison county, out of which the amount of the taxes can be made. Amount of taxes due \$28 88 3-4.

DUNCAN YORK, T. C. M. C.  
Canton, Nov. 26, 1842.—11-10.  
P. S. fee \$16 50.

#### Alabama Tribune.

This paper is published for the purpose of recommending the nomination by the Democratic Party, of the Honorable JOHN C. CALHOUN to the Presidency, and for the advocacy of those Southern political doctrines of which he is the able exponent. It will also be the vehicle of every thing interesting to the Planter, the Merchant, and the general reader. As the second number is already published, we consider it unnecessary to enter into the subject more minutely in this Prospectus.

We expect the aid of all those who agree with us in the position we have taken, and call upon them frankly and unhesitatingly to assist us in our enterprise.

Respectfully,

H. BALLENTYNE & CO.

#### TERMS.

For the Daily TRIBUNE, per annum,

Semi-weekly do do \$9 00

To those who are disposed to solicit country subscriptions, we shall allow for every five daily subscribers, (on payment of the cash) eight dollars; for five semi-weekly subscribers, four dollars. It will be the interest, on this plan, of subscribers to club together. All subscriptions payable invariably in advance.

Mobile, Oct. 8, 1842.

PROSPECTUS  
FOR THE  
AGRICULTURIST,  
AND  
Journal of the State and  
County Societies.

Volume IV, for 1843.—Price \$1.

In the midst of the "HARD TIMES," we send our proposals forth once more for patronage to a Journal, to which we confidently hope to be able to make it the interest of every one capable of reading, to subscribe. It will be our constant aim to report every useful invention and discovery in the wide field of science, and the subject of Education, particularly, will receive a greater degree of attention than heretofore. The analysis, combining, and manuring the different soils, will be presented in the most familiar and practical manner. The most suitable crops for the different climates and soils, with the best modes of cultivation, will be extensively discussed, and the Garden and Orchard will occupy a large space in our columns. Household matters will not be forgotten, and the requisite Economy for the times, will be urged with our best powers. The breeding

rearing, feeding, diseases, and uses of all domestic animals, will receive strict attention, and in a word, every thing beneficial to the physical, intellectual and moral condition of mankind, will be investigated.

Our thanks are tendered for the very liberal support to the AGRICULTURIST, during the three years of its publication, and we ask one effort more from our patrons, and we believe, from the exceeding cheapness and utility of the work, the subscription list can be easily increased fourfold.

JOHN SHEPBY,  
GERARD TROOST,  
TOLBERT LANNING, } EDITORS.

#### TERMS.

The Work will be published Monthly on good paper—each No. to contain 16 pages well stitched—at \$1 per annum. To any person who will procure five subscribers and remit the money free of postage, one copy will be sent gratis; and a commission of 20 per cent. allowed on all subscribers over five. As the price is put so low, we shall be compelled to require the money in advance in every instance. Any one disposed, is authorized by this prospectus to become an agent for the work. Persons subscribing after receiving this Prospectus, can have the Volumes for 1840, 1841, 1842, and 1843 for \$5. All subscriptions to commence and end with a volume.—Those of our friends that do not feel disposed to act as agent for us; we hope they will be kind enough to hand their Prospectus over to some one that will take an active part in procuring subscribers and forwarding them on as soon as possible.

CAMERON & FALL,  
Publishers.

Nashville, October, 1842.

PROSPECTUS  
OF THE  
Independent Democrat.

IT is proposed to publish, weekly, in the town of Canton, Madison county, Mississippi, a newspaper under the above title.

The Democrat will aim to present its readers with the latest news of the day on subjects of general importance, and especially on matters of commerce and finance. Such proceeding of Congress as may be of general interest to the public will be faithfully chronicled, and the speeches of distinguished members of Congress, on interesting subjects will be frequently published. It will be devoted to the interests of Agriculture and the Arts; and to the dissemination of moral and political truth; but its leading character will be that of a political Journal, the object of which will be to contribute, as far as it may, towards the advancement and permanent triumph of the principles of the Democratic party. Any other Tariff than one which is strictly for revenue, whether it be proposed under the name of "protection" or of "discrimination with a view to protection," it will ever oppose as being not only unjust, oppressive and degrading to the South, but palpably, deliberately and dangerously unconstitutional. The re-establishment of a National Bank it will also oppose as forbidden by the history, the spirit and the terms of the federal compact—disastrous to the true agricultural and commercial interest of the country, and fearfully dangerous to public liberty. Against the whole system of chartered banking, it will war, as being anti-republican, destructive of the natural equality of the rights of men, and based on principles so false as must necessarily produce ruin in the end. The corruptions of existing institutions of this kind will be carefully watched and promptly exposed. In a word it will be the aim of the Editor, in his department, to call the attention of his countrymen back to first and fundamental principles—to heal the wound of the Constitution and preserve it from further violation.

to defend the rights of the State against the strict powers of the General Government, already too overgrown, to the standard of the constitution, and thereby arrest the perhaps too fatal tendency of the Government towards centralism and monarchy.

The Democrat will swear absolute and unconditional fealty to no party. No party trammels shall ever prevent it from pointing out the errors of the men and measures of the Democratic party, if any there may be, or from commending the measures of the Whig party, when our opinion they can be squared by the great standard of political truth. Its course will be moderate yet firm. Towards the party opposed to it, it will be fair candid and just. Its appeals will be addressed to the reason and patriotism of our Whig brethren as the only arguments fit to be addressed to American citizens.

In a short time the two great parties of the country will have fairly entered the lists to struggle for victory at the next Presidential election. It is highly important that a Democratic press should be established at this point, now, that we may clear away the underbrush, and be ready for the conflict. We are happy to have it in our power to say that sufficient patronage has already been secured to warrant the promise of our first number some time in the early part of September.

Arrangements have accordingly been made to that effect. The terms of subscription have been made proportionate to the hardness of the times, and it is hoped are such as will give the Democrat an extended circulation.

TERMS.  
The Independent Democrat will be printed on a large Imperial sheet, with beautiful type, at THREE DOLLARS per annum, in advance, after the receipt of the first number.

JOHN HANDY, Editor.

September, 1842.

PROSPECTUS  
TO THE NEW VOLUME OF THE  
United States Magazine,  
AND  
DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

Vol. XI., Commencing July, 1842.  
JOHN L. O'SULLIVAN, Editor.

BY an increase in the number of pages, and by an alteration in its typographical arrangements, the quantity of matter heretofore furnished to the readers of the Democratic Review, will be increased in its future numbers about Seventy-five per cent.

The Editor expects valuable aid to his own efforts, during the course of the coming year, from a number of the most able pens of the great Democratic Party—together with that of others, in its purely literary department, to which the same political designation is not to be applied. Among them may be particularly named: Bancroft, J. F. Cooper, Amos Kendall, Whittier, Sedgwick, Gilpin, Butler, Parke Godwin, Hawthorne, Davezac, Paulding, A. H. Everett, Brownson, Cambreleng, J. L. Stephens, Tilden, Taftro, Eames, Bryant, Cass, C. J. Ingersoll, Miss Sedgwick.

The monthly Financial and Commercial articles, which have frequently been pronounced by the most intelligent criticisms during the past year in themselves alone worth the subscription to the work, will be continued from the same able hand.

An arrangement has been made, by which the BOSTON QUARTERLY REVIEW, edited by Mr. Brownson, will be merged in the Democratic Review, the latter being furnished to the subscribers of the former, and Mr. Brownson being a frequent and regular contributor to its pages. It is proper to state, that Mr. Brownson's articles will be marked by his name, tho' to most readers they would doubtless reveal themselves by their internal evidence; and that it has been agreed under the circumstances that these contributions shall be independent of the usual liabilities to editorial revision and control—the author alone having a similar responsibility for whatever peculiarity of view they may contain, as though appearing in the original work, which has been heretofore edited with such distinguished ability by himself.

Among other attractive papers in preparation for the forthcoming volume, will be found some personal sketches, reminiscences, and anecdotes of the private life of General Jackson, from the pen of an intimate friend and member of his Cabinet.

The Portraits with which it is intended to illustrate the numbers of the ensuing year, and which will be executed in a fine style of engraving, by J. L. Dick, of this city, are those of Col. R. M. Johnson, of Kentucky, Hon. Silas Wright, of New York, Hon. James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, Hon. J. C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, Hon. T. H. Benton, of Missouri, Hon. R. J. Walker, of Mississippi, Hon. T. S. Arwick, of Massachusetts, Hon. C. C. Cambreleng, of New York, Hon. Gov. Dorr, of Rhode Island, Hon. Gov. Porter, of Pennsylvania; with two or three of the most eminent members of the great Liberal Party of Europe, from different countries; or else of others of "home production," according to the facility of procuring portraits from abroad.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.—The subscribers having assumed the publication of the above Magazine, pledge themselves that it shall be promptly issued on the first of each month, in the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, and Washington. It will also be sent by the most rapid conveyances to the different towns in the interior where subscribers may reside. The facilities afforded by the extensive Publishing business of the undersigned enable them to make this promise, which shall be punctually fulfilled.

To promote the popular objects in view, and relying upon the united support of the Democratic party, as well as of others, the price of subscription is fixed at the low rate of Five Dollars per annum, in all cases in advance; while in mechanical arrangement, and in size, quantity of matter, &c., the United States Magazine will be placed on a par, at least, with the leading monthlies of England. Each number will contain one hundred and twelve pages, closely printed in double columns, from bourgeois type, cast expressly for the purpose, and upon fine white paper; thus giving to the work an increase in the amount of matter of over seventy-five per cent. The Portraits for the coming year, one of which will be given in each number, will be executed on steel in an effective and finished style, by J. L. Dick, which will be accompanied with an original biography; a feature in the plan, which it would be impossible to give in a work of this kind, without the most liberal and extensive support—as they could not be furnished without an outlay of at least \$2,500 per annum.

Any person taking four copies, or becoming responsible for four subscribers, will be entitled to a fifth copy gratis.

Committees or Societies on remitting to the Publishers \$50 in current New York funds, can receive thirteen copies of the work.

Remittances may be made by enclosing the money and mailing the same in the presence of a Postmaster. Bank notes that pass current in business generally in the State of New York, will be received.

The Democratic Review will be punctually delivered free of expense to the subscribers in the principal cities of the Union on the first of the month, and forwarded to mail subscribers and agents on the 25th of the month preceding publication.

All communications for the Editor to be addressed (post paid) to

J. & H. G. LANGLEY,  
Publishers, 57, Chatham St. New York